SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Sweet evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore;
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,
All things will keep their name;
But yet no life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The stars in heaven will shine;
I shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born;
I would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.

JACOB AND SALLIE.

His name was Jacob. It had been his father's before him, and his father's father's. The Storms were a hard-working, money-getting race. Jacob Storm, the father of our hero, constantly said that "he couldn't see why under the shinin' sun a man needed an addication; 't any rate, mor'n 'nough to reckon his crops and cattle." Jacob, the younger, had once expressed a desire to attend school out of town; but Storm, senior, killed his ambition in that respect with a few words:

"The old red school-house was good enough for your father and your grandfather, and when you get all you can there I'll find plenty of work for you; it shan't be said that one of the old Storm blood ever hired out to work for strangers."

The inhabitants of Putneyville were not all conservatives of the Storm order. Sons of rich formers were in college, daughters of hard-working fathers and mothers were away at school, and Putneyville felt their influence when they came home for a vacation.

One of the gayest, brightest, prettiest girls in town was Sallie Rivers. Her father had a poorer farm and fewer bonds than his neighbor, Jacob Storm. But the Rivers family worshiped another idol. From the mother down, every one valued a good education. The father had been denied it, as he had been the eldest of a large family, and compelled to aid in supporting the rest. He was a man of excellent natural ability, and extravagantly fond of reading.

When his girls and boys grew around him, they heard important topics discussed at the table; they knew all about Congress and our relations with foreign powers, and once Mr. Rivers had been called upon to represent his town in the Legislature of the State.

The boys of the family were compelled to work their way through college, and Sallie, the jovial, was determined to follow their example.

No wonder Jacob Storm, Jr., adored Sallie. He had lived near her for years, and carried her dinner pail back and forth for her, had purposely misspelled words to let her pass above him, and in all her maddest pranks he had rejoiced while others blamed. Sallie's brothers were fond of her, and never for one moment thought it either unladylike or sinful for her to share all their sports. When one of their neighbors gave a party, the verbal invitation was generally, "Sallie and the rest of the boys."

Sallie liked it; she was full of bounding life; she hated silly airs; and as her brothers were, with one exception, older than herself, surely it was quite proper for her to do as they did. When Tom wrote home from college that his dear little sister "must not go out in the hot sun or she might spoil her complexion," Sallie wrote back: "Don't bother your dear old maid. I care more for good sound health than anything else; and those who really love me won't mind a few freckles." Sallie went on in her own way; she flew from one end to the other of the large farm house, now singing a scrap of some familiar song, now chanting in full, clear tones some grand old anthem. Jacob Storm had once called her the "Will-o'-the-wisp," and the name fitted her so well the boys took it up. The wildest colt on the farm would obey Sallie; she feared nothing; went and came as she pleased, and accomplished in one morning more than her mother and Huldah, the maid, could possibly do together.

Naturally this warm-hearted, active, cheerful girl was the light of her father's eyes. He could not send her away from home like the boys, not even for the coveted education. For three years in her teens she bore the restraint as meekly as possible, but the fourth year could not be borne. How much the girl suffered in secret no one knew.

"Father," she said, one day, as she sprung from her saddle, "my mind is made up. I shall go into the mill and earn money enough to attend school."

"But mother can't spare you, daughter."

"Mother is willing," said Sallie; "she always wanted to study herself."

"Well, we seem to need you here, somehow," said the old gentleman, stroking the colt's neck to hide his feelings.

"Yes, father, and you shall have me. I can work hard and come home to spend every vacation; and won't you be glad to see me?"

Mr. Rivers led the colt away, and did not answer.

"Why not?" he said to himself; "why shouldn't she have a fair chance? I suppose I might sell off the meadow to Storm, and send my only girl away in good shape; but it will spoil the farm, and I hate to."

He could not think of the house without her; he dreaded the long winter evenings, and the warm summer days, without his darling, and at last he sat down in one corner of the old barn on an old grindstone, which Sallie had often turned for him. He sat there a long time to overcome his selfishness; and at last, as he heard the girl's ringing voice calling him to supper, he rose up, saying, "She's my only girl; and she shall have a chance, come what will."

The boys were delighted. They were proud of Sallie, and quite sure she would do herself and the family credit. To be sure, Tom's pride was hurt when he heard she was to work in the mill at Glenmere; but the new house which Tom had urged his father to build had cost more than they expected, and every year some new machinery must be purchased. It was twenty miles to Glenmere — twenty miles from home-love, care and comfort; but Sallie did not falter. To be sure, it was a trial to leave them all, a hard thing to select from her little store of girl's belongings; and a small room in a boarding-house would never afford the delight that her own large, sunny chamber did. Sallie felt a thousand tears, but did not shed one, although her mother and Huldah wept profusely as the carriage drove away, with Sallie's father on the back seat with her, and Jacob Storm in front with Sallie's brother Dike.

Dike was younger than his sister, and in deep grief at her loss. It did not comfort him to be told that she would not board among strangers, but become a member of Mrs. Mora's family. He did not choose to listen when Jacob told him that Sallie was too wise and too good to remain buried in Putneyville. Dike was 16, and at that age a boy considers everything a "burning shame" which interferes with his pleasure.

"I wish I had her chance," said Jacob, as the father and daughter talked in low tones on the back seat.

"Great chance," said Dike, "to go down there and work among all sorts, and never have any music or any home, or ——"

Dike paused; his feelings were too much for him, and yet he would not let Jake Storm see a tear in his eyes.

"It's a chance to make yourself something better than a drudge; a chance to see and know what is going on in this great world. Reading is good, Dike, but seeing is a million times better."

Jacob read early and late, he thought and studied; but, after all, he knew the discipline which Tom and Joe Rivers were having would be a blessing to him. His only dread was that Sallie might consider him inferior to her. "She shall not get before me if I die trying," he said.

Sallie's room was not so bad, after all; Mrs. Mora had done her best to please her old friend Mrs. Rivers. When Sallie's books were unpacked, and her piano was in one corner, and her pet bird Glory hung up, the place was quite delightful. Sallie could not live in a dingy, dull hole; sunshine was necessary to her existence. Her first week in the mill left her pale and weary, but a stout heart and a strong will kept her up.

At night she was busy, her music and studies occupied every moment. Mrs. Mora tried to interest her in the sports and games of her fellow-boarders, but Sallie politely declined.

A room-mate was impossible, as she desired to spend her spare moments in preparation for her future work. About this time she wrote to Tom: "It is a hard grind, dear old boy; and sometimes when my head whirls about with the noise, or the associations vex me, I feel like running away to China or Japan! but I don't; I only go home when I am free, and take a good dose of Chopin or Beethoven; they tone me up. By careful management I shall be able to save some money. There is a little French girl here who is anxious to study English; every week I give her a lesson for a lesson; I speak and read French with her; then two of Mrs. Mora's children take lessons on the piano, and my board bill is light. Who do you think comes here every Sunday? Why, Jacob Storm. His father will not let him go to college, and he walks down here after work is done on Saturday, and returns Sunday night. He is a great friend of John Mora's, and I have to be teased about him, but I don't mind that. Jake seems like one of you, and every week he asks me about my lessons.

"Jake gets books from the library here, and leaves them for me to read first; then we talk them over afterward, and Dike is getting quite interested."

Brave little Sallie! The days and weeks flew by, and found her at her post. She only saw the hard daily toil, only felt the bonds which kept her close until she could join the girls who quietly and easily walked the path of knowledge.

"Sometimes his father allows him to drive down, and then you may be sure we have a good breath of country air. He said one day, in his slow, deliberate fashion: 'If my coming annoys you, Sallie, just say so; but it seems to me that you might not feel so far away if you saw a home face once a week.' Sometimes he would bring a few flowers or some chickweed for Glory, and sometimes a piece of new cheese in a dainty box, and generally a note or message from mother or Dike. When he drives down Dike comes with him; and I can work harder all the week after seeing his rosy face."

She did not know that her example gave Joe new courage, and kept Tom from many a "college lark;" she never dreamed that Jacob Storm was making a man of himself for her sake; she could not see the power she exercised over Dike, who was inclined to be a little wayward; she never guessed that her devotion to self-culture and study had stimulated some of her associates to go and do likewise. She only felt the pressure of the daily toil, and longed for the day of her emancipation; only worked unceasingly.

Little by little the sound of the factory bell grew hateful to her, and its red brick walls wearied her eyes, but over and over to herself she said, "There is no such word as fail." Her brief vacations were seasons of joy. Jacob Storm wished they might last forever. He, too, was hard at work; and one day, when he and Sallie had discussed the merits of various authors, and compared notes concerning their studies, Sallie's outburst of praise for his achievement drew from him an avowal of his love.

"Why, Jacob," said she, regretfully, "I never thought of you in that way. I should as soon fancy Tom marrying me."

"You think I am clumsy and slow," he said, "or perhaps stupid and ignorant, because I remain here when others go away; they have educated themselves with fate and fortune to aid them. I have done it thus far against fate and without fortune. I shall some day make the world hear of me; how, when or where I do not know, but it will come."

"I believe you, Jacob," said Sallie, "and I am proud of you; but love is something I know nothing of, and, until I have finished my course as a student, I must put pleasure out of my head. Don't sulk, Jacob; I am not heartless, only ignorant. Come, saddle Tam O'Shanter, and let us have one of your mad rides to Sparkling Spring; it will be something to remember when I am grinding at the mill again."

Jacob obeyed her. Her wishes had been his law for years and he was manly enough to be rouded of it.

At last the goal was won. Sallie was in college devoting herself to her cherished books, and Jacob still worked as he had done before, now blaming himself for his folly in regarding his father's wishes, now working at his books with the desperate energy of one who has staked all on success.

Every Sunday he visits Glenmere with Dike, but no longer spends his time with Sallie. At last a change came. Jacob Storm, Sr., was gathered to his fathers, and his son was free.

Dike wrote to his sister in boyish fashion: "Old Storm has gone, and Jake mourns for him as if he had been loving and tender, instead of a stiff old miser. Jake will leave here soon; he does not say where he is going. I shall miss him terribly. We have read and studied together all winter. Jake knows a heap. He surprises me all the time. He is having your picture painted for me, from the one you sent home. I wish I could go with him, but, as you say, it would never do to leave father and mother alone. I am reading the books you ordered, but I can't pin myself down to hard study after working all day."

Sallie's last year of college-life was drawing to a close, and the students were arranging for a separation, when an invitation was sent them to attend a lecture by an eminent gentleman who had been recently appointed to a professorship in a Western university.

"Going, Miss Rivers?" asked a Senior, as she peeped in the half-opened door of Sallie's room.

"No, I think not. I shall enjoy the time in writing home."

"Do go. They tell me Prof. Storm is quite remarkable, and Darwinism has its attractions for all of us."

"Prof. Storm was closeted with the Prex to-day," said another Senior, "and I understand that the light of his countenance will illuminate the college tomorrow."

"I think I will go," said Sallie, suddenly. "It will not do to miss a treat."

In her rebellious little heart she was saying, "I will go for the sake of the old name and my childhood's friend, but poor old Jake will never know it."

The hall was crowded, and on the platform sat the college President, with several distinguished gentlemen. The speaker's face was partially hidden by the desk before him. When he rose at last, Sallie's heart gave a quick bound; for there before her stood her neighbor, friend and lover.

He did not seem to see her; his subject engrossed his entire attention. Sallie listened with pleasure. The physical training of the past added strength to his mental acquirements, and his clear, manly voice charmed all listeners.

"Isn't he fine looking?" whispered one. "What a splendid type of manhood," said another. "He understands himself perfectly," said a third.

When the speaker closed, the applause was emphatic and prolonged. Sallie sat motionless. Surprise and pleasure mingled with a thousand memories. Prof. Storm did not heed it. He was looking at a bright face just before him, and answered the congratulations of his friends in an absent manner.

"Pardon me," said he to the President; "I recoguize an old schoolmate yonder."

"Ah, indeed! That 's Miss Rivers, a young lady of remarkable energy and unbounded perseverance; she stands at the head of her class."

"She would be No. 1 anywhere," said the professor, as he hurried away to join her.

"I'm so glad, so very glad," was all Sallie could say.

"Are you? Then help me to escape from all these eyes, and let me give you the latest tidings from home."

Miss Rivers was envied by her friends as she passed out, stopping now and then to introduce the popular scientist as an old schoolmate.

Of what they talked, and how, it matters not to us; we only know that a certain professor was absent from his post in order to attend the exercises at a certain college, where Miss Rivers graduated, and we also know that a wedding took place soon after.

Mrs. Storm, nee Sallie Rivers, is also a professor in the same institution with her husband, and her excellent parents spend a portion of each season with her. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

To Paris by Rail.

To those who object to visit Europe on account of sea sickness, the proposition to build a railroad by which one can go from New York to Paris in fifteen days, by an all-rail route, except forty miles on a steamer, or two hour's ride, will be interesting. It hardly seems possible that such a thing can be done, until you read the scheme, which is as follows: "His line of route, starting from the commercial capital of the States, passes through Canada, New Georgia and Alaska to Cape Prince of Wales, whence the passengers are to be conveyed by steamer to East Cape, on the opposite Asiatic coast of Behring's Straits and distant about forty miles from the northwestern extremity of the American continent. From East Cape the iron road to be constructed will cross Russian territory in Northern Asia until it joins the Siberian railway system, already in direct connection, through Moscow and St. Petersburg, with all the European capitals. Mr. Gregory calculates that the distance from New York to Paris, the American paradise, can be traversed by this route in 372 hours, and at a cost of about thirty pounds to each passenger." The thing seems feasible and will do away with two weeks' sea sickness, but probably the danger from railroad accidents and corns from fifteen days' riding in the cars would more than overcome the objection to ocean travel. Still, the chances of discovering the North Pole, by rail, would be worth something. The cost of the proposed railroad would be more millions of dollars than could be carried on all the cars of the present railroads, but that is nothing. People who are thinking of going to Europe, though, should not wait for the new road, as it may not be completed for some months.—*Peck's Sun.*

A CONTAGIOUS disease of the eyes has appeared in many of the juvenile institutions of New York city. It is supposed to arise from the overcrowded condition of these institutions. The disease in some cases seriously impairs if it does not entirely destroy the eyesight.

FARM HINTS.

Potatoes in Wet Soil.

There is no plan equal to planting potatoes on the surface and covering the sets with soil obtained from between the rows, which, in this case, should be three and a half or four feet apart. It is surprising what fine crops are obtained by this method of culture in cold, wet soils.—*Mark Lane Express.*

How to Kill Quack Grass.

Here is the plan adopted in Suffolk county, N. Y., for killing this pest. Run a furrow two inches or two and one-half inches deep; follow in the same furrow to the required depth with another plow, always turning the soil on the top of the first furrow. Then with the ordinary use of the harrow, cultivator or horse-hoe there will be no further trouble from quack.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

The Artichoke.

The one great drawback on the growing of the artichoke is the difficulty of eradicating it when once in the ground. Careless cultivation will do it, but thorough cultivation for a single season will destroy it. It is more nutritious than the potato, being very rich in sugar, is readily eaten by sheep, cattle and hogs. It grows best on a rich loam, where it yields a large crop, even if the land is partially shaded by trees. In fact, it seems to grow better in an orchard where the soil is kept loose by shade, than in the open field, producing crops year after year without any labor except the first planting.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Exterminating Canada Thistle.

Mr. C. A. Green writes to the *Western Farmer* from New York State: We have found but one reliable method of extirpation, which is to plow thoroughly early in the spring, and as often thereafter during the growing season as is necessary to prevent the appearance of a single shoot above ground, say every two weeks. If the roots are thus smothered for one season (they cannot breathe without leaves) they will rot and be converted into plant food, leaving numerous small drains through the subsoil greatly to the benefit of the land. Though this method is laborious, who can doubt that it will prove profitable, considering the long years of loss and annoyance that must otherwise follow.

Sorghum for Feed.

Sow as early in spring as ground will work well, on ground well plowed and harrowed, one to one and a half bushels of seed per acre, broadcast and harrow in well; when as high as the machine will handle well, cut with a side-delivery reaper. Let the gavels lie one day as thrown off, then turn to cure on the other side, after which bind and shock, and when thoroughly cured stack for winter use (but be sure to let it cure thoroughly before stacking). Your stubble will throw up a crop of shoots that make excellent pasture through August and September when everything else is dry, or if not needed for that another crop as heavy as the first may be cut off and saved for winter, by which means you have got from eight to twelve tons of prime feed per acre of your land. For mules, which, however, are not much used in this country, I would plant in hills three feet apart each way, with twelve or fifteen seeds per hill. Cultivate well until about three feet high, when it will take care of itself, and when the seed is in the dough cut and shock in large shocks to stand until wanted. This will keep mules in prime condition without any other feed, and they may be worked hard all the time.—*Correspondence of the Farmer.*

Farmers' Clubs.

Farmers' clubs are proving themselves to be of very great value to tillers of the soil. And this is a natural result. Is it not as necessary that farmers exchange their knowledge and experience in improved methods of agriculture as that members of the professions should hold meetings to consider various questions of importance to their professions, or that business men should associate to promote business interests. The experience of a year with an active and careful farmer will develop many things to him which would be valuable to others. There are many ventures on experiments which would be made needless, or would become no ventures at all if each farmer would keep a careful record of his experiences, his successes and his failures. The successes are most likely to be made known, but the failures would many times be the most instructive. Farming experience is made up through practical results and the application of well-tried principles under varying conditions, which if noted and given with the results may be of benefit to others.

Farmers' club meetings should not all be held in winter. It is then a good time to relate and hear experience and views, but during the working season a half day spent in exchanging views in regard to the cultivation and handling of crops will be profitable. Such meetings should be mostly out of doors—practical meetings. The object should be to increase knowledge so as to do away with uncertainty and make the business of the farmer of that character which will insure against failure in every respect except the calamities that come at times through the higher agencies.—*Detroit Post.*

Potatoes.

The high price of potatoes for years past should stimulate production to an extent at least to prevent the necessity of importations. Although the seasons have been unfavorable, one great difficulty in obtaining good crops is from lack of thorough cultivation. Soil for potatoes should be worked deeply, making it mellow at least six inches in depth. For this purpose on sod the disk harrow is without a peer. If the soil is rich and made thoroughly mellow to this depth, it will go through a long drought and still produce a fair crop of potatoes. As a rule plant early. Potatoes grow best when the weather is cool and moist, and, if they have a good start early, will usually go through the best. Do not use too much seed; this is a common fault. The best crops we have ever seen were raised when the seed cost $1 per pound, and, consequently, it was made to go as far as possible in planting, using but one eye to the hill. It is possible that extra care was given the crop because it was new and costly, but from the yield it is evident that the smaller quantity of seed answers as well, and without doubt better than a large quantity. While the potato plants are small keep the soil well worked up to the time the potatoes begin to form, and then stop. If the soil is rather wet we prefer hilling with the plow; and for this purpose a steel shovel with wings does the work perfectly. On dry soil level culture is the best, but should be thorough and deep. The difference in quality as well as in yield in favor of good cultivation will pay for the whole cost of producing leaving a handsome profit instead of barely paying for growing.—*Detroit Post.*

TO QUENCH THE THIRST.

Some of the Sweet Fluids Poured Down the Throats of Millions.

[From the Providence Journal.]

A great many industries start afresh and with great impulse in the spring of the year. One of these is the business of preparing "cooling beverages" for the summer drinker. The bottling establishments are in operation the year through but in the spring preparations are made for the summer increase. The demand for the lighter drinking material, if not for all, is regulated by the weather to a great extent. If the season be hot and dry the people will be in the same condition. The amount of sweetened water that is sold under various names is simply enormous.

Soda is water impregnated with carbonic acid gas. Carbonic acid gas is made from pulverized marble and vitriol. The marble is put into a receiver and mixed with the vitriol. The gas is thus generated, and after passing through purifiers or through water is ready to be charged into any kind of sweetened water. A bottling machine fills a bottle a second with the help of one operator. Over the bottling table are the reservoirs containing sirups, connected with the bottling machine. The carbonic acid gas, mingled with water, is let in, the sirup faucet is opened and in the space of a second a bottle of ginger ale, sarsaparilla, pop or other mixture is ready for market.

The discovery of ginger ale gave a refreshing drink to millions. It is supposed that more would be sold if the name "ale" was not given to it. As it is nothing more than water sweetened with ginger sirup and charged with carbonic acid gas, it has no very marked intoxicating or even stimulating qualities. It is a great summer drink—harmless, pleasant, refreshing and healthful. The item of bottles is an important one. The bottles cost more than the ale. Every bottle requires washing, of course, every time it is emptied. For this purpose a machine has been invented and put in operation to take the place of hand labor. The machine washes sixty bottles per minute, and does it as well as the most careful hand. The saving in labor is great. Beside the city consumption the seashore trade will soon begin again. At summer resorts the chief diversion of many is drinking. Why not? The salt air produces thirst.

Forestry.

A fearful waste of timber has been going on for years, for centuries even, in some parts of our land, and the demand is annually growing larger as manufactories increase. Until within a few years past, while individuals deplored the havoc that was going on and pointed out the disastrous changes which the destruction of the forests would effect on climate and streams, nothing was done to check the useless consumption of timber, or to replace that which had been cut down. The decline of farming and the introduction of coal as fuel have indeed proved a help to the woods of New England, and perhaps other localities. There is more forest land in some districts than there was thirty years ago, but this condition of things is exceptional.

Recently some States have passed laws for forest protection, and the appreciation of shade trees as an ornament to our cities and villages is increasing. Hence the Planters' Day, which has received the sanction of our State authorities. But much more must be done both in the way of checking destruction and in the encouragement of planting and replanting. The woods which have proved such a source of revenue to some districts of the West are fast disappearing before the demands of the manufacturer and builder, and heavy inroads are making on the rich supplies of the South. It is high time for sober counsel and the initiation of thoughtful conservative processes. Few people are aware of the extent of the consumption that is constantly going on. Leaving out of consideration houses and other buildings and furniture, 100,000 cords of soft maple are annually worked up into shoe pegs; 390,000 cubic feet of pine are converted into matches; lasts, and boot trees, and tool handles require the use of 1,000,000 cords of birch, beech, and maple, and in burning the bricks which are to replace frame structures 3,000,000 cords of wood are burned every year. Nearly 1,000,000 trees have already been made into telegraph poles, and 300,000 new poles are put up annually. The relations of the existing supply to consumption have been accurately calculated, and it is safe to say that unless economy is practiced or the amount of wood increased, the time is not far distant when wood will be very high and very scarce.

There is need, therefore, of careful discussion and judicious legislation. But the builder and manufacturer are not the only persons concerned in the matter. Treeless countries are specially liable to tornadoes and droughts. The late famines in both India and China are largely traceable to the destruction of the forests. Fires long ago destroyed the trees in the far West as they have more recently ravaged the heavily timbered counties of Michigan. These agencies must be taken into account as well as the normal clearing of land. The Legislatures and railroads of the prairie States have done well in encouraging trees planting by bounties and by the free transportation of trees. What is sectional and occasional must become national and customary. We can not make good in one year or ten the waste that has so long and widely been going on, but we may husband the resources that still remain, and insure to coming generations a continuance of the blessings we have enjoyed. — *Cincinnati Gazette.*

TEACHER—"And how do you know, my dear, that you have been christened?" Scholar—"Please, mum, 'cos I have got the marks on me arm now, mum."